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THE
BEASTS CONFESSION
TO THE
PRIEST.

Script



(Price SIX-PENCE.)



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BEASTS' CONFESSION



PRIEST.



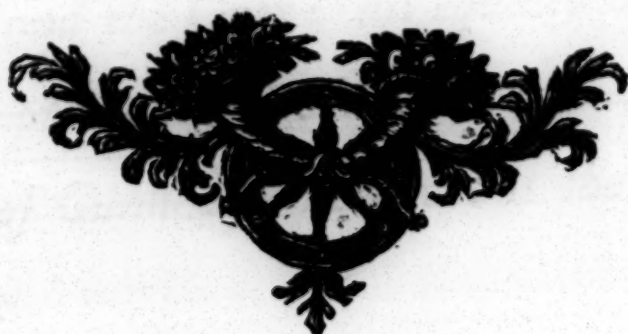
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TO THE
PRIEST,

ON
Observing how most MEN mistake
their own TALENTS.

By J. S. D. S. P.
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THE SECOND EDITION.



DUBLIN, Printed:
LONDON, Re-Printed: And Sold by T. Cooper,
at the *Globe*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*, 1738.

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THE following POEM is grounded upon the universal Folly in Mankind, of mistaking their TALENTS; by which the Author doth a great Honour to his own Species, almost equalling them with certain Brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth: And yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying five Animals; the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine, the Ape and the Goat; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the Article of Cunning: So great is the PRIDE of MAN.

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When Beasts could speak, (the

Learned say

They still can do so every Day)

It seems, they had Religion then,

As much as now we find in Men.

It

It happen'd when a Plague broke out,
 (Which therefore made them more devout)
 The King of Brutes (to make it plain,
 Of Quadrupeds I only mean)

By Proclamation gave Command,
 That ev'ry Subject in the Land
 Should to the Priest confess their Sins;
 And, thus the pious Wolf begins :

GOOD Father, I must own with Shame,
 That, often I have been to blame :
 I must confess, on Friday last,
 Wretch that I was, I broke my Fast :
 But, I defy the basest Tongue
 To prove I did my Neighbour wrong ;
 Or ever went to seek my Food
 By Rapine, Theft, or Thirst of Blood.

THE Ass approaching next, confess'd,
 That in his Heart he lov'd a Jest :
 A Wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a Dunce alone :
 Sometimes his Friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe :
 But yet, the worst that could be said,
 He was a *Wit* both born and bred ;
 And if it be a Sin or Shame,
 Nature alone must bear the Blame :
 One Fault he hath, is sorry for't,
 His Ears are half a Foot too short ;
 Which could he to the Standard bring,
 He'd shew his Face before the K--- :
 Then, for his Voice, there's none disputes
 That he's the Nightingal of Brutes.

THE Swine with contrite Heart allow'd,
 His Shape and Beauty made him proud :
 In Dyet was perhaps too nice,
 But Gluttony was ne'er his Vice :
 In ev'ry Turn of Life content,
 And meekly took what Fortune sent :
 Inquire through all the Parish round
 A better Neighbour ne'er was found :
 His Vigilance might some displease ;
 'Tis true he hated Sloth like Pease.

THE Mimick Ape began his Chatter,
 How evil Tongues his Life bespatter :
 Much of the cens'ring World complain'd,
 Who said, his Gravity was feign'd :

Indeed,

Indeed, the Strictness of his Morals
 Engag'd him in a hundred Quarrels:
 He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
 His Zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
 He found, his Virtues too severe
 For our corrupted Times to bear;
 Yet, such a lewd licentious Age
 Might well excuse a Stoick's Rage.

THE Goat advanc'd with decent Pace;
 And, first excus'd his youthful Face;
 Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
 ('Twas Nature's Fault) without a Beard.
 'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
 To Fondness for the Female Kind;
 Not, as his Enemies object,
 From Chance, or natural Defect;

Not by his frigid Constitution;
 But, through a pious Resolution;
 For, he had made a holy Vow
 Of Chastity, as Monks do now;
 Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
 As strictly too; as doth * his Reverence.

APPLY the Tale, and you shall find
 How just it suits with human Kind.
 Some Faults we own: But, can you guess?
 Why? ——— Virtues carry'd to Excess;
 Wherewith our Vanity endows us,
 Though neither Foe nor Friend allows us.

* *The Priest his Confessor.*

THE Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
 He never squeez'd a needy Client :
 And, this he makes his constant Rule :
 For which his Brethren call him Fool :
 His Conscience always was so nice,
 He freely gave the Poor Advice ;
 By which he lost, he may affirm,
 A hundred Fees last *Easter* Term.
 While others of the learned Robe
 Would break the Patience of a *Job*,
 No Pleader at the Bar could match
 His Diligence and quick Dispatch ;
 Ne'er kept a Cause, he well may boast,
 Above a Term or two at most.

THE cringing Knave who seeks a Place
 Without Success; thus tells his Case :

Why

Why should he longer mince the Matter?
 He fail'd, because he could not flatter:
 He had not learn'd to turn his Coat,
 Nor for a Party give his Vote:
 His Crime he quickly understood;
 Too zealous for the Nations Good:
 He found, the Ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his Heart repent it.

THE Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
 Though it would raise him to the Lawn:
 He pass'd his Hours among his Books;
 You find it in his meagre Looks:
 He might, if he were worldly-wise,
 Preferment get, and spare his Eyes:
 But own'd, he had a stubborn Spirit
 That made him trust alone in Merit:

Would

Would rise by Merit to Promotion ;
Alas ! a meer Chymerick Notion.

THE Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a Sin, and God forgive him :
Call'd up at Mid-night, ran to save
A blind old Beggar from the Grave :
But, see how *Satan* spreads his Snares ;
He quite forgot to say his Pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his Heart
Sometimes to act the Parson's Part :
Quotes from the Bible many a Sentence
That moves his Patients to Repentance :
And when his Med'cines do no good,
Supports their Minds with heav'nly Food.
At which, however well intended,
He hears the Clergy are offended ;

And

And grown so bold behind his Back
 To call him Hypocrite and Quack.
 In his own Church he keeps a Seat ;
 Says Grace before, and after Meat ;
 And calls, without affecting Airs,
 His Household twice a Day to Pray'rs.
 He shuns Apothecary's Shops ;
 And hates to cram the Sick with Slops :
 He scorns to make his Art a Trade ;
 Nor bribes my Lady's fav'rite Maid.
 Old Nurse-keepers would never hire
 To recommend him to the Squire ;
 Which others, whom he will not name,
 Have often practis'd to their Shame.

THE Statesman tells you with a *Sneer*,
 His Fault is to be too *Sincere* ;

And,

And, having no sinister Ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his Friends.
 The Nation's Good, his Master's Glory,
 Without Regard to *Whig* or *Tory*,
 Were all the Schemes he had in View;
 Yet he was seconded by few:
 Though some had spread a thousand Lyes;
 'Twas *He* defeated the Excise.
 'Twas known, tho' he had born Asperſion;
 That, *Standing Troops* were his Averſion:
 His Practice was, in ev'ry Station
 To ſerve the King, and pleaſe the Nation.
 Though hard to find in ev'ry Caſe
 The fitteſt Man to fill a Place:
 His Promiſes he ne'er forgot,
 But took Memorials on the Spot:

His Enemies, for want of Charity,
 Said, he affected Popularity :
 'Tis true, the People understood,
 That all he did was for their Good ;
 Their kind Affections he has try'd ;
 No Love is lost on either Side.
 He came to Court with Fortune clear,
 Which now he runs out every Year ;
 Must, at the Rate that he goes on,
 Inevitably be undone.
 Oh ! if his Majesty would please
 To give him but a Writ of Ease,
 Would grant him Licence to retire,
 As it hath long been his Desire,
 By fair Accounts it would be found
 He's poorer by ten thousand Pound.

He

He owns, and hopes it is no Sin,
 He ne'er was partial to his Kin;
 He thought it base for Men in Stations,
 To crowd the Court with their Relations:
 His Country was his dearest Mother,
 And ev'ry virtuous Man his Brother:
 Through Modesty, or aukward Shame,
 (For which he owns himself to blame)
 He found the wisest Men he could,
 Without Respect to Friends, or Blood;
 Nor ever acts on private Views,
 When he hath Liberty to chuse.

THE Sharper swore he hated Play,
 Except to pass an Hour away:

And, well he might ; for to his Cost,
 By want of Skill, he always lost :
 He heard, there was a Club of Cheats
 Who had contriv'd a thousand Feats,
 Could change the Stock, or cog a Dye,
 And thus deceive the sharpest Eye :
 No Wonder how his Fortune sunk,
 His Brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own, the Moral not exact ;
 Besides, the Tale is false in Fact ;
 And, so absurd, that could I raise up
 From Fields *Elysian*, fabling *Esop* ;
 I would accuse him to his Face
 For libelling the *Four-foot Race*.

Creatures

Creatures of ev'ry Kind but ours
 Well comprehend their nat'ral Powers;
 While We, whom *Reason* ought to sway,
 Mistake our Talents ev'ry Day:
The Ass was never known so stupid
To act the Part of Tray, or Cupid;
 Nor leaps upon his Master's Lap,
 There to be stroak'd and fed with Pap;
 As *Esop* would the World perswade;
 He better understands his Trade:
 Nor comes whene'er his Lady whistles;
 But, carries Loads, and feeds on Thistles;
 Our Author's Meaning, I presume, is
 A Creature * *bipes et implumis;*

* A Definition of Man, disapproved by all
 Logicians. *Homo est Animal bipes, implume, erecto*
vultu.

Wherein the Moralift design'd
A Compliment on Human-Kind:
For, here he owns, that now and then
* Beasts may *degen'rate* into Men.

* *Vide* Gulliver in his Account of the
Houyhnhnms.

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